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MEDITATIONS  
UPON THE  
LOVE OF CHRIST,  
IN THE  
REDEMPTION  
OF  
ELECT SINNERS.

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Written by the truly worthy, learned, and eminently Religious Mr. *Hugh Clark*, sometime before his Death; which was on the 15th Day of *February 1724*, and of his Age the 36th Year.

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PSAL. civ. 34. *My Meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the LORD.*

PSAL. lxxiii. 5. *My Soul shall be satisfied with Marrow and Fatness; and my Mouth shall praise thee with joyful Lips.*

Ver. 6. *When I remember thee upon my Bed, and meditate on thee in the Night Watches.*

---

G L A S G O W,

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NOTICE

TO THE PUBLIC

OF THE

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An humbly Essay upon the Love of CHRIST, in  
redeeming Elect Sinners.

C R O S T in a meaner Theam, I mind to prove  
What sweeter Charms are in a *God-like* Love ;  
And to employ my Heart and Hand to sing  
And write the Love of my dear *Lord and King*,  
Who came from Heav'n to Earth to seek and save  
So wretch'd, so worthie's and so vile a Slave.\*

O may his sacred Spirit guide my Hand,  
Enlarge my Heart his Love to understand ;  
Raife my dull Fancy, and my Soul inflame,  
And cause that what I write, I love the same.

Before all Time, while yet Heav'n's glorious Ball  
Did not enclose this Globe Terrestrial ;  
Ere Man was form'd, the Lord's All-piercing Eye, †  
Who views all Things from all Eternity,  
Perceiv'd how Man by Sin would foully fall,  
And unto Death subject his Children all.  
He saw wretch'd self-destroying Mankind ly  
Plung'd in the deep Abyfs of Misery,  
Like to an Infant helpless and forlorn,  
Cast out in open Field when newly born ; ‡  
Whom no Eye pity'd wallowing in Blood  
Just ready to be swallow'd by the Flood  
Of dreadful Vengeance, and devouring Wrath,  
And overwhelmed in eternal Death.

A 2

Thus

\* *Luke* 19. 10. † *Acts* 15. 18. ‡ *Ezek.* 16. 4, 5.

Thus Mankind lay with Neck upon the Block ;  
 Justice about to give the fatal Stroke.  
 The Law demands that guilty Rebels die :||  
 Nought but the Sinner's Death can satisfie  
 Offended Justice, now to give the Blow,  
 And send the Sinner to the Pit below.

All Hope seems lost, till boundless Love and Grace  
 Steps in, in Favours of the guilty Race:  
 Electing Love not ty'd unto the Laws  
 Of Creatures Acting; Love, whose only Cause§  
 Lay in *Jehovah's* sovereign Will and Grace;\*  
 Not in the Merit of the Elect Race.†

Well then, shall guilty Souls from Death be freed :  
 But how shall Justice then be satisfied?  
 How shall the *Lord* his Righteousness declare,  
 If Rebels from just Vengeance saved are?  
 What can atone for those who wilfully  
 Have trampled on their Lord's Authority?‡  
 Can *Hecatombs of Bulls, Thousands of Rams?*  
 Can *Blood of fatted Calves, or tender Lambs?*||  
 No: Man hath sinn'd, and therefore Man must die:§  
 No less can Truth and Justice satisfie.\*

Then Mankind's Hopès are lost for ay: But lo!  
*Christ's* matchless Love and Grace prevents the Blow  
 Stays the avenging Sword in Justice' Hand,  
 Says to the Law: I'll answer thy Demand,  
 Bespeaks the Father. Since it must be so,  
 That nothing but the Sinners Death can do,  
 To clear thy Truth and Justice: Lo I come†

A

|| *Ezek.* 18. 20. § *Mat.* 11. 26. \* *Eph.* 1. 5. † *Rom.*  
 9. 15, 16. ‡ *Psal.* 50. 9, 13 and 51. 16. || *Micah* 6. 6, 7.  
 § *Ezek.* 18. 20. \* *Rom.* 6. 23. † *Psal.* 40. 7.



Justice in the poor Sinners Room.

Ever these in Chains of Justice bound;  
 Give for my Elect a Ransom found.  
 I be their Surety: I will part with Breath †  
 To ransom them from thy avenging Wrath.  
 My God, I take delight to do thy Will, ||  
 And all thy holy Precepts to fulfil.  
 Since thy just Will requires that Rebels die,  
 I'll bear their Sins; lay all their Crimes on me.  
 Lo all the Blood within these sacred Veins  
 Shall not be grudg'd to wash their guilty Stains. §  
 Since thou a Body hast for me prepar'd,  
 No Toil, no Grief, no Labour shall be spar'd.  
 Tho' I be free; tho' it no Robbery be\*  
 To count myself an Equal unto thee;  
 Yet for their Sakes a Servant's Form I'll take,  
 That I may them free Men for ever make.  
 Tho' I be rich, for them I poor will be; †  
 That they for ever may be rich in Me.  
 Though I be God, I will a Man become; †  
 Assuming Flesh in a mean Virgins Womb. ||  
 Tho' free from Sin, I'll Sin for them be made, §  
 That with God's Righteousness they may be clad:  
 Tho' I be Sovereign, I'll myself subject;\*  
 Thy Law shall be a Rule me to direct: †  
 Tho' I'm Lord Paramount, in Servant's Form  
 I'll in their Stead thy holy Law perform; †  
 And tho' I it fulfil most perfectly,  
 I'll also bear its Curse and Penalty. ||  
 Tho' I'm thy Well-belov'd, I'll bear thy Wrath; §

Tho'

† Job 33. 24. || Psal. 40. 8. § Heb. 10. 5. \* Phil.  
 2. 6, 7. † 2 Cor. 8. 9. † John 1. 14. || Isa. 7. 14.  
 § 2 Cor. 5. 21. \* Phil. 2. 6, 7. † Psal. 40. 8. † Rom.  
 8. 3, 4. || Gal. 3. 13, 14. § Mark 1. 11.

Tho' I'm the Life itself, I'll die the Death:\*  
 Tho' I be guiltless, guilty I'll become:†  
 Tho' I might answer, I'll stand mute and dumb:‡  
 Tho' Judge of all, by Men I'll judged be:||  
 Tho' Blessed, I'll hang on the cursed Tree:§  
 Tho' I'm Eternal, Time shall see my Birth:  
 Tho' I fill Heaven, I'll be interr'd in Earth.\*

Tho' these be poor, wretched and beggerlie,†  
 I'm not asham'd their Kinsman near to be.  
 I'll be their Father, they shall be my Sons;‡  
 Tho' Heirs of Hell, I'll make 'em Denizons||  
 Of the Coelestial Jerusalem.§  
 Tho' they be slaved, I will ransom them.\*  
 Tho' under Sin and Satan they be thrall'd;†  
 I'm not asham'd their Brother to be call'd.‡  
 I'll be their Husband, they shall be my Spouse;||  
 I've chosen them, I'll make them me to chuse.§  
 If they want Beauty, I have Comeliness;\*  
 If Cloathing, I have Robes of Righteousness.  
 I have fine Gold for them, if they be poor;†  
 If they're polluted, I'm a Fountain pure.‡  
 Then Father dear, set those my Brethren free;||  
 Lo here I am, Let Justice strike at Me.

Pause here my Soul! I charge thee here to pause!  
 O stand and wonder what might be the Cause,  
 Why this great Lord, who had not Need of thee,§

For

\* *Mat.* 27. 46. † *John* 14. 6. ‡ *Gal.* 3. 13, 14.  
 || *Isa.* 53. 7. § *John* 19. 9. \* *Gal.* 3. 14. † *John* 1.  
 1. comp. with 5. 14. ‡ *2 Cor.* 6. 18. || *Mat.* 12. 40.  
 § *Heb.* 2. 14. \* *Eph.* 2. 3. † *Heb.* 12. 22. ‡ *Gal.* 3.  
 13. || *Heb.* 2. 11. § *Hos.* 2. 16. \* *John* 15. 16.  
 † *Ezek.* 16. 14. ‡ *Rev.* 3. 18. || *Zech.* 13. 3. § *Job*  
 35. 7.

thy Salvation should content to die!  
 Would'st thou engage his Heart? his Love deserve,  
 Whom Hosts of Angels and Archangels serve :\*  
 Who hath a World of Creatures at Command,  
 Upheld and rul'd by his Almighty Hand? †  
 Had Sinners Beauty, Wealth or Parentage, ‡  
 This Heavenly Lover's Heart thus to engage? §  
 What had poor Elect Souls in them to prove  
 Such an Attractive to their Maker's Love?  
 That he their King, their Husband should become; ||  
 And to his glorious Mansions take them home? §  
 Sure nothing. Why? The State that they were in  
 Was that of desperate Enmity and Sin.\*  
 Rebellious Hatred 'gainst his Majesty †  
 Had tainted all the lapsed Progeny. ‡  
 Satan's black Image had their Nature stain'd :||  
 Their Hearts and Wills in Lust's strong Bonds were chain'd §  
 They had no Strength nor Mind to plead for Peace,\*  
 No Will to sue for their Creator's Grace :  
 No Hope of Pardon; no Delight in God; †  
 But eager bent upon Destruction's Road. ‡  
 Thus he beheld in Blood and Misery ||  
 An Elect World, before they were to ly :  
 And yet (Amazing Thought!) he lov'd them then ;  
 And his Delights were with the Sons of Men. §

What was the Cause, say Saints, if you can tell,  
 Why he should love such guilty Lumps of Hell?  
 We cannot tell: The Wonder's far above  
 Our shallow Thoughts: But only *God is Love*.\*

Here

\* *Heb.* 1. 6. and 11. 3. † *Col.* 1. 17. ‡ *Ezek.* 16. 3,  
 4, 5. || *Isa.* 54. 5. § *John* 14. 2. \* *Rom.* 8. 7. † *Col.*  
 1. 21. ‡ *Rom.* 5. 10. || *Eph.* 2. 1, 2, 3. § *Rom.* 5. 8.  
 \* *Rom.* 5. 6. † *Eph.* 2. 12. ‡ *Rom.* 7. 12. || *Ezek.* 16  
 3. § *Prov.* 8. 31. \* 1 *John* 4. 8.

Here is the Depth, the Length, the Breadth, the H  
 Of matchless Love, display'd in Saving Might,  
 Which Angels Tongues cannot enough commend,  
 Nor Angels Minds compleatly comprehend.

Oh Saints, who share his Love, in him be glad,  
 Who loved you, ere you a being had!  
 Why should you doubt his Love to you, because  
 You cannot in yourselves perceive the Cause?  
 'Twas not your Worth of Goodness could deserve  
 That he at first from Death should you preserve;  
 Nor will your Worthlessness or Vileness make  
 Your loving Lord your Souls again forsake.  
 It was the Goodness of his Sovereign Will,  
 Engag'd him first, and will engage him still.  
 And since he lov'd you from Eternity,  
 Believe he'll do the same eternally:  
 Lay by your Doubtings then, ye Saints, and raise  
 Melodious Songs to your *Redeemer's* Praise.

But Oh! Why call I others to commend  
 His Love and Grace, while I myself do spend  
 My Time and Thoughts in trifling Vanities,  
 Which only can increase my Miseries?  
 Shall I call Saints to love and praise his Name,  
 And yet myself indulge a meaner Flame?  
 O then, my Soul, admire redeeming Love!  
 Admire, what could thy great *Creator* move  
 Ever to look on such a Wretch as thee;  
 Much more, for saving thee himself to die!

Admire also the *Father's* Love who gave  
 His only Son an *Elect* World to save!  
 No sooner did the Son this Offer make,  
 To die for *Elect* Men; and undertake



Justice should by him be satisfy'd;  
 straight the *Father* fully ratify'd  
 the blest Contract, and took him at his Word,  
 to lay the Elect's Sins upon their Lord.  
 And thus he said: I have laid Help upon  
 A strong, a mighty, and a chosen One, †  
 A faithful, righteous Servant unto Me: †  
 And have anointed him my King to be. ||  
 I sworn have and will repent me never,  
 That he shall be to Me a Priest for ever, §  
 After the Order of *Melchizedeck*:  
 He is my precious One, and mine Elect.\*  
 My mighty Hand and Arm shall make him strong: †  
 The Son of Mischief shall not do him wrong.  
 I will beat down before him all his Foes: †  
 I will them greatly plague who him oppose.  
 I've given him for a Witness, Counsellor, ||  
 Commander, Leader, Captain, Governor §  
 Unto the People: He shall them defend,\*  
 And bring Salvation to Earth's utmost End. †  
 He shall the People judge with Righteousness, †  
 And bless the Nations with abundant Peace.  
 And since he will pour out his Soul to Death; ||  
 And for his Elect bear deserved Wrath;  
 Therefore he shall exalted be on high §  
 Above all Power and Principality.  
 Rais'd from the Dead, he shall for ever live,\*  
 And quicken all that do on him believe: †  
 My pleasant Work shall prosper in his Hand, †  
 He shall all Things in Heaven and Earth command: ||

B

He

† *Psal.* 89. 19, 20. † *Isa.* 42. 1. || *Psal.* 89. 20.  
 § *Psal.* 110. 4. \* *1 Pet.* 2. 6. † *Isa.* 42. 1, and 28, 16.  
 † *Psal.* 89. 21, to 24. || *Isa.* 55 4. § *Heb.* 2. 10. \* *Psal.*  
 72. 12. † *Isa.* 49. 6. † *Psal.* 72. 2, 7. || *Isa.* 53. 12. and  
 11. § *Phil.* 2. 9, 10. \* *Heb.* 7. 25. † *John* 5. 21, 25.  
 † *Isa.* 53. 10. || *Col.* 1. 16.

He shall a num'rous Seed and Issue see ; §  
 And to his Church an Head alone shall be : \*  
 And as his Countenance was marred more †  
 Than any Man's, because of what he bore ;  
 So shall he shine with such resplendent Light,  
 That Kings shall be astonish'd at the Sight.  
 Yea, mighty Kings before him down shall fall ; ‡  
 And Monarchs great do Service to him shall.

Thus was the blessed Covenant of Peace ||  
 Between them both : Thus everlasting Grace  
 Shin'd in the Counsels of the Trinity,  
 For Elect Souls from all Eternity.  
 Where Truth and Mercy, Righteousness and Grace, §  
 Like loving Twins did mutually embrace ;  
 Where divine Love and divine Wisdom shin'd,  
 As Beams of Light are in the Sun combin'd.

O that mine Eyes enlightned were to see\*  
 The sacred Wonders of this Mystery !  
 How that the glorious *Father* and the *Son* ;  
 Tho' Both in Essence, most entirely One. †  
 Could yet as distinct Parties strangely act  
 As Covenanters in this blest Contract ! ‡

Or if that this be a too bold Desire, ||  
 That I to see such Wonders should aspire ; §  
 Or know the Manner how the Deity  
 Transacts in this ador'd Œconomy :  
 I'll rather softly slide along the Coast,  
 Than lanch into the Ocean, and be lost

In

§ *Isa.* 53. 10. \* *Col.* 1. 18. † *Isa.* 52. 14. ‡ *Psal.* 72.  
 11. || *Zech.* 6. 13. § *Psal.* 85. 10. \* *Psal.* 119. 18. † *John*  
 10. 30. ‡ *Psal.* 40. || *Deut.* 29. 29. § *Rom.* 11. 33.

his vast Abyfs, I'll contract my Sails,\*  
 and humbly wait the Spirit's gentler Gales.  
 To take a steady View I'll be content  
 Of the Decree in its Accomplishment.

No fooner had th' envious One deceiv'd †  
 Our Parents firft, and all Mankind bereav'd  
 Of perfect concreated Innocence,  
 And funk the World in Death by One's Offence : ‡  
 But prefently poor finful Man forfook  
 All Hopes of Grace : and ftraight himfelf betook  
 To wretched Shifts, to fhrewd his guilty Head ||  
 From Wrath amidft the Thicketts of the Wood :  
 And with Fig-leaves to vail his Nakednefs,  
 Inftead of Garments of pure Righteoufnefs.  
 But all in vain : Nor Leaves nor Thicketts can  
 From Divine Vengeance hide the guilty Man :  
 Till *Jesus* come, that bleffed Prince of Peace,  
 Proclaiming Pardon and Heaven's Act of Grace  
 To guilty Rebels, thro' the *Woman's Seed*,  
 Who was in Time to bruife the Serpents Head. §  
 And thus he faid : Thou proud envious Fiend,  
 Who with thy Legions haft 'gainft Heav'n combin'd ;  
 'Twas thy Intent the Woman to employ,  
 Thro' thy Deceit, all Mankind to deftroy,  
 And thy Creator's Image to deface,  
 Which he had ftamped on the human Race ; \*  
 And wholly ruin my beft Work on Earth ;  
 But all in vain : For of a Woman's Birth  
 Shall fpring a bleffed and victorious Seed,  
 Who fhall in Pieces break thy curfed Head :  
 Whil'ft thou with all the Might and Slight of Hell,  
 Shall Serpent-like, but nibble at his Heel.

\* *Rom.* II. 33. † *Gen.* 3. 1, to 7. ‡ *Rom.* 5. 12, 15,  
 17, 18. || *Gen.* 3. 7, 8. § *Gen.* 3. 15. \* *Gen.* I. 26.



'Twixt thee and Woman I'll put Enmity ;  
 And 'twixt thy Seed and hers eternally.  
 Thus was the first Evangel published,  
 And *Christ* by *Christ* himself was promised.

Here's wondrous Love and Grace beyond Degree,  
 To Mankind plung'd in Sin and Misery !  
 That *Christ* himself th' offended Judge should come,  
 Not as a Judge the guilty Pair to doom  
 For their rebellious Breach of Covenant,  
 But of eternal Life to make a Grant,  
 On better Terms, and in a surer Way,  
 Wherein he would his Grace and Love display  
 In a more bright and shining Character ;  
 Where *Christ* himself should be sole Purchaser  
 Of Grace and Glory ; nought requir'd of them, †  
 But rightly to believe upon his Name.

What can we judge poor guilty *Adam* thought,  
 When his *Creator* such a Message brought ?  
 Who look'd for nothing but devouring Wrath,  
 And the Inflicting of deserved Death.  
 How was he filled with Astonishment !  
 How was his Soul rapt up in Ravishment !  
 To see the Beamings of eternal Grace  
 Shine forth to him and his poor guilty Race.  
 How did the News melt down his Heart in Tears,  
 Comfort his Soul, dispel o'erwhelm'ing Fears !  
 Cause all the Shades of Sorrow flee away !  
 And turn his dismal Night to shining Day !

This was the dawning of sweet Gospel Light, †  
 Which in all Ages still became more bright, ‖

Till

† *Rom.* 10. 9. † *Mal.* 4. 2. ‖ *Psal.* 110. 3.



Christ, that glorious Sun of Righteousness, §  
 Beauties of transcendent Holiness; \*  
 The bright irradiant Morning-Star arose. †  
 To save his chosen Folk, and quell their Foes. †  
 Without Descent or Genealogy; ||  
 And yet *Abraham's* and *David's* Progeny. §  
 Without a Father; yet God's only Son, \*  
 By an eternal Generation. †  
 Without a Mother; yet a Virgin's Seed, †  
 Which from the Root of *Jesse* did proceed. ||  
 Without Beginning; yet in Time conceiv'd. §  
 Of endless Life; and yet of Life bereav'd. \*  
 Ancient of Days; and yet a little Child. †  
*Judah's* strong Lion; yet a Lamb most mild.  
 The Son of God; and yet the Son of Man. †  
 Wrapt up in Swadling-Clothes, who Heaven doth span. ||  
 Laid in a fordid Manger at his Birth, §  
 Who cannot be contain'd in Heav'n and Earth. \*  
 Had scarce wherewith to vail his Nakedness,  
 Who doth of Right both Heaven and Earth possess. †  
 The Brightness of his Father's Glory vail'd. †  
 And divine Power in human Flesh conceal'd.

O matchless Love, unfathom'd Mystery,  
 That the Great Sovereign thus should humbled be!  
 Who can conceive, who can comment upon  
 The Wonders of this Incarnation!  
 O thou my Soul in humble Silence then  
 Learn to believe what thou canst not explain.

And

§ *Rev.* 22. 16. \* *Heb.* 7. 3. † *Mat.* 1. 1. † *Heb.* 7. 3:  
 || *John* 1. 14. § *Heb.* 7. 3. \* *Isa.* 7. 14, and 11, 1.  
 † *Heb.* 7. 3, † *Mat.* 1. 13, and 27. 35. || *Dan.* 7. 22.  
 § *Mat.* 2. 22. \* *Rev.* 5. 5. and 7. 17. † *John* 3. 18,  
 with 1. 51. † *Luke* 2. 7. || *Isa.* 40. 12. § *Luke* 2. 7.  
 \* *1 Kings* 8. 26. † *Gen.* 14. 19. † *Heb.* 1. 3.

And let this wondrous Union Personal  
 Draw thee to him for Union Mystical.  
 And tho' the Lord thy Nature did assume ;  
 Yet of Salvation do not thou presume,  
 Unless by Faith united to thy Lord,  
 Which only can thee Grace and Peace afford.  
 'Tis true Man's Nature was exalted high  
 By this stupenduous Condescendency :  
 But this cannot procure thy lasting Bless,  
 If thou do not share of his Holiness.  
 Thou hast no Part in him, except he make  
 Thee of the Divine Nature to partake,  
 Unless thy cursed Nature he renew, ||  
 And draw his Image on thy Heart anew,

O could I come to him, could I improve  
 This wondrous Step of condescending Love,  
 Wherein he took on him our Flesh and Blood, §  
 And by true Faith receive spiritual Food  
 From him my high exalted Lord and Head,  
 Whose *Flesh is Meat, whose Blood is Drink indeed.* \*  
 Could I improve his Birth and Incarnation  
 For my new Birth and true Regeneration !  
 O that by Faith I could obtain the Cast  
 Of those thrice blessed Wise-men of the East ! †  
 O for some happy Star to guide me to  
 Bethlem's Gates, and there to take a View  
 Of Lovely *Jesus* in his humble Birth,  
 And see the Monarch of both Heav'n and Earth,  
 To see the blessed Divine Infant ly,  
 Not in a stately Palace, but a Stie. ‡  
 No Cloath of Gold his Cradle doth adorn :  
 Coarse swadling Clothes inwrap the newly born :

|| 2 *Pet.* 1. 4. § *Heb.* 2. 14. \* *John* 6. 55. † *Mat*  
 2. 1, 10, 11. *Luke* 2. 7.

Such with Studds of Pearl or Silver clad;  
 While Manger hold's his glorious Head,  
 Royal Virgin can't for him obtain,  
 His own City, Room in any Inn.

But yet he wants not charming Melody  
 To celebrate his Birth Solemnity.  
 The watchful Shepherds are surpris'd with Fear,  
 While they behold the bright Angelick Quire,  
 Who warble forth the Tidings of his Birth||  
*Glory on high, Good-will and Peace on Earth.*  
 The Angel straight the Shepherds doth comfort,  
 And thus bespeaks them in most loving Sort;  
 Dear Shepherds, let not Fear your Hearts annoy;  
 I bring you Tidings of transcendent Joy,  
 Which shall great Mirth to People all afford;  
 A Saviour's born to you, *even Christ the Lord,*  
 In *David's* City. Come and see your King,  
 Who shall to Nations all Salvation bring:  
 Be not afraid to come because he's high;  
 You'll see him humbly in a Manger ly.

Thus, trembling Saints, thy Saviour speaks to thee;  
 Fear not, poor doubting Soul, to come to Me;  
 I'm meek and lowly; cast thy Fears away§  
 And sinful Doubts: Lo here's a patent Way.  
 Come through the Vail of thy dear Saviour's Flesh,  
 And make thy Peace with thy great God afresh.  
 If my dread Highness doth make the afraid;  
 Look how I'm with Humility array'd:  
 Altho' I be the high and lofty One,\*  
 Who in the highest Heavens have my Throne,  
 Yet for thy Sake, in this strait stinking Sty,  
 And in this Crib I condescend to ly.

Since

|| *Luke* 2. 8, to 15. § *Mat.* 11. 28. 29. \* *Isa.* 57. 15. 66. 1.



Since thou behold'st me born in such a Cell,  
Think'st thou I'll in thy Heart refuse to dwell?

Thus Christ was born : Thus he at first began  
His humbled Life to save self-ruin'd Man ;  
Which all along was fraught with Miseries, †  
Griefs, Sorrows, Labours and Calamities.  
Tho' free of Sin and Guilt original,  
As to his own Condition personal ;  
Yet for his Elects Guilt, when eight Days old,  
Among the Rank of Sinners he's inroll'd ;  
Is circumcis'd, made Debtor to perform †  
The Law, and thereto fully to conform. ||  
Here the Law-giver is made under Law :  
The Sovereign Judge of Judgment stands in Aw,  
The Law must be fulfilled perfectly : §  
The Elect cannot thro' Infirmary ;  
Therefore their Lord by his Obedience  
Must do what Man shou'd done in Innocence.\*  
The Law pronounceth Wrath and Indignation,  
Perplexing Anguish, endless Tribulation  
On every Soul that sins ; and therefore he,  
The Elects Surety, bears the Penalty.  
The Law knows no Abatement ; Justice stands  
Strictly to every Point of her Demands ;  
No less will please, but perfect Innocence ;  
Or then a Ransom equal to th' Offence :  
This Jesus paid ; and thus redeems his own  
From that deserved Indignation.

Oh then, poor Elect Souls, who stand in Awe  
To look upon that dreadful fiery Law,  
All you whose Souls Mount Sinai's Thunders make  
For Fear of Death and endless Wrath to quake, †

Who

† *Isa.* 53. 3. † *Luke* 2. 21. || *Gal.* 5. 31. and 4. 4.  
§ *Rom.* 8. 3. \* *Rom.* 2. 9. † *Heb.* 2. 15.



Able left his not incensed ire  
 Out upon you, like devouring Fire, †  
 lest he turn you to the lowest Hell,  
 With everlasting Burnings there to dwell ||  
 Lo! here's Relief for you: Lo here's a Shade  
 From scorching Wrath: a Vail by Jesus made  
 To cover your poor guilty Souls from Wrath;  
 Come hither, fainting Souls, and take your Breath  
 Under the Covert of his saving Wings,  
 Who to your Soul sweet Peace and Pardon brings.  
 All you, who under *Sinai's* Flashes stand,  
 You who are tossed in a weary Land;  
 Lo, here's the Shadow of a mighty Rock;  
 Lo, here's a Covert from the dreadful Stroke  
 Of Justice Sword: Lo here's a Cloud by Day, §  
 And Light by Night, to guide you in the Way.  
 Are you afraid to meet a wrathful Judge?  
 Lo, here's for you a City of Refuge.  
 Can you not work because of Impotence?  
 Lay hold on his compleat Obedience.  
 Have you rebelled, and must you therefore die?  
 Lo, he hath born for you the Penaltie.  
 Acquaint yourselves with him, and be at Peace;  
 You are not under Law; but under Grace.\*  
 The Law, your former Husband, now is dead, †  
 And Christ's become your Husband and your Head  
 But yet you must not hence to Sin give Place,  
 Because you are not under Law, but Grace. †  
 There's still a Law and Yoke your Necks above:  
 Tho' not the Law of Works; the Law of Love. ||  
 The Love of Christ like to a golden Chain,  
 Still to Obedience must your Souls constrain.  
 Not slavish Fear must you to Duty move;  
 Your Motives now are Gratitude and Love.  
 If you are weak, Strength from your Saviour draw,  
 Whereby sincerely to observe his Law.

C

With

† *Heb.* 12. 29. || *Isa.* 33. 14, and 4. 6. § *Isa.* 4. 5.  
 \* *Job* 22. 21. † *Rom.* 6. 14, and 7. 2, 3, 4. † *Rom.* 6.  
 14. || 2 *Cor.* 5. 14.

With him remains the Spirit's Residue, §  
 Your Souls to quicken, and your Lusts subdue.  
 With him is likewise Merit to supply  
 Your Services in their Deficiency.

With him is Incense to perfume your Pray'rs,\*  
 And Skill to guide you in your Soul-Affairs.

O mind the lovely Name which he obtain'd  
 When circumcis'd: as th' Angel had ordain'd,  
 He's called *Jesus*, for he saves his own, †  
 First from their Sins, then from Destruction.

This is the true spiritual *Joshua*, ‡  
 Who when a *Moses* cannot by the Law,  
 Bring *Abram's* Seed into the promis'd Land, ||  
 Conducts them in by his Almighty Hand,  
 Out of the howling Wilderness of Sin,  
 Which they for many Years have wandred in;  
 Divides their *Jordan*, brings them to the blest  
 Possession of their wish'd *Canaan* of Rest.

'Tis he, who cloath'd with filthy Robes do stand, § -  
 Even the Elects Guilt; and close by his right Hand,  
 Stands Satan, ready to resist him in

The blessed Work of expiating Sin;  
 But maugre all his Malice and his Pow'r,  
 The blessed *Jesus* still proves Conqueror;  
 Blots out his Folks Transgression in one Day,\*  
 And hath their filthy Garments ta'en away;  
 Is dress'd with Robes of purest Righteousness,  
 And golden Crowns the Motto *Holiness*. †

'Tis he that is a Priest upon his Throne; ||  
 Who brings his Captives out of *Babylon*: §  
 The Prophet whom we must in all Things hear,\*  
 Who the Glory of his Father's House doth bear: †  
 Who by the Holy Ghost anointed is ‡  
 Unto his three great sacred Offices.

He's

§ *Mat.* 9. 25. \* *Rev.* 8. 3. † *Luke* 1. 31, and 2. 21.  
 † *Mat.* 1. 21. || *Deut.* 31. 23. § *Deut.* 32. 52. \* *Zech.*  
 3. 3, with 3. 1. † *Zech.* 3. 9. with 3. 4, 5. † *Zech.* 6. 11.  
 || *Exod.* 39. 30. § *Zech.* 6. 13. \* *Deut.* 18. 15. † *Zech.*  
 6. 13. † *Psal.* 45. 8.

Usurper ; him the Father call'd ||  
High Function, sanctify'd and seal'd : §

Prophet like to *Moses*, mild and meek ; \*

Priest of th' Order of *Melchizedeck* ; †

King to rule on *Zion's* holy Hill. †

All which he doth most perfectly fulfil.

Lo here's a Treasure ! come, poor needy Saints :

Here is a Store-house to supply your Wants :

Do you want Wisdom ? Wisdom's Treasures hid ||

Lie all in him ; you shall be furnished.

Are you afraid thro' Ignorance to stray ? §

He is a Light to guide you in the Way, \*

He is a faithful *Prophet* to reveal

Th' Eternal Secrets of his Father's Will.

And well he can who from Eternity †

Did in the blessed Father's Bosom lie.

'Tis he alone who saw, and can declare †

What his great Father's Thoughts and Counsels are,

Those Purposes of Love, ere Time began

For saving of poor self-destroying Man.

Who by his Word and Spirit since the Fall

Reveals them to his Church in Ages all.

Who preach'd at first himself ; and after sent

The Prophets to declare his Covenant.

He was the Angel who to *Mamre* came, ||

And promised a Seed to *Abraham* ;

Which should bring Blessedness to Nations all ;

'Twas he who wrestled with great *Israel*, §

'Twas he who spoke with *Moses* in the Bush ; \*

And gave him lively Oracles for us.

'Tis he who calls each faithful Minister,

Who Gifts and Graces doth on them confer. †

Do you want Pardon ? Come to Jesus Christ,

T'obtain Atonement. He's the glorious Priest. †

G 2

He

|| *Heb.* 4. 5. § *John* 6. 27. \* *Acts* 7. 37. † *Psal.* 110. 4.

† *Psal.* 2. 6. || *Col.* 2. 3. § *John* 1. 4. \* *Psal.* 27. 1. † *John*

1. 18. † *Mat.* 11. 27. || *Gen.* 18. 1, &c. § *Gen.* 32. 24.

\* *Acts* 7. 38. † *Eph.* 4. 7, 8. † *Heb.* 7. 3, 9, 23.



He is the precious spotless Sacrifice,  
 Which divine Justice fully satisfies; †  
 He is a Tabernacle from the Heat: §  
 He is the covering Ark, and Mercy-seat: \*  
 He is the Altar which doth sanctify †  
 The Gifts of all that on him do rely;  
 He is the skillful Advocate that pleads †  
 His People's Cause; and for them interceeds. †  
 Poor Souls, who cant' approach the Throne of Grace,  
 But Shame and Blushing quickly fills your Face,  
 Thro' Sense of Guilt, which like a Weight of Lead,  
 Doth press your Soul with deep amazing Dead;  
 Who towards Heav'n dare not lift up your Eyes, §  
 By Reason of your great Iniquities: \*  
 Who look for naught but divine Indignation;  
 Improve his Priesthood and Propitiation:  
 Believe on him for justifying Grace:  
 His Sacrifice procures you lasting Peace.

Want you Redemption? want you Liberty  
 From Sin's Dominion, Satan's Tyranny?  
 Find you stragg' holds of Lust prevail in you? †  
 He is a mighty Prince, who can subdue  
 Rebellious Lusts: He's a puissant King,  
 Who doth his own from Satan's Bondage bring;  
 Gives them Enlargement and sweet Liberty: †  
 Doth over them his golden Sceptre sway;  
 Sin's Iron Yoke doth off their Necks remove,  
 And sweetly rules them by the Law of Love:  
 Defends them by his mighty Hand and Arm,  
 From every one that would them hurt or harm;  
 Festeins and conquers all their Enemies,  
 And fully frees them from their Miseries:  
 Bequeaths them Crowns, and causeth them to reign †  
 And sit on Thrones with him their Lord and King.

Come then all you whose wretched Necks are gall'd  
 With th' Iron Yoke of Sin, whose Souls are thrall'd

Under

† *Isa.* 42. 21. § *Isa.* 4. 6. \* *1 John* 2. 2. † *Mat.* 23. 10.  
 † *John* 2. 1. † *Isa.* 53. 12. § *Luke* 18. 13. \* *Psal.* 40. 12.  
 † *2 Cor.* 10. 5. † *John* 8. 36. † *Rev.* 22. 5.



the hellish Tyrant's Servitude:

Here's a King for you both mild and good,  
 He, change your Master; change your Work and Way:  
 Let Jesus in your Souls a Scepter sway:  
 Take on his Yoke, and in his Law delight;  
 His Yoke is easie and his Burden light: §  
 His Yoke's a golden Chain and Ornament.\*  
 Then yield your Hearts to his sweet Government:  
 If you'll accept him as your Lord and King,  
 You shall as Kings with him for ever reign.

As in the divine Essence there are three,  
 And yet one undivided Trinity;  
 Even so in Christ there are three Offices,  
 Yet he in these one Mediator is. †  
 If you would him for your Redeemer have,  
 You must him in them all alike receive.  
 Take him for Wisdom and for Righteousness, ‡  
 For full Redemption, and for Holiness:  
 Thus he is made of God, and offered;  
 The Gospel Terms will none of those divide:  
 Take him in all; 'tis foolish to expect  
 That he will be your Prophet to direct,  
 Or yet a Priest to satisfy for you,  
 Unless as King he do your Lusts subdue.

But ah! why talk I thus, while I remain  
 In Bondage still, while me my Lusts detain  
 In Satan's Camp? while I refuse the Yoke  
 Of lovely Jesus, and his Wrath provoke?  
 Shall I press others thus to be content  
 To bow their Necks to his sweet Government?  
 And yet myself be only like the Hand  
 Which for a Signal on the Street doth stand,  
 Directing Passengers to find their Way,  
 Yet void of Life itself behind doth stay.  
 O then, dear Lord, cause thy redeeming Love  
 To break my harden'd Heart: O let it prove  
 A threefold Cord my perverse Will to draw,  
 To yield a sweet Obedience to thy Law.  
 Could I by Faith but view what he hath done  
 And born to purchase me Salvation!

Could

Could I behold him in his humbled Life,||  
A Man of Sorrows, and acquaint with Grief!§

So soon as born, King *Herod* him pursues;  
He calls the Scribes and Counsel of the *Jews*;  
Demands the Place of Christ's Nativity;  
They answer from the ancient Prophecy:  
*Bethlehem's* Gates are honoured forth to bring  
The long expected, high exalted King.  
Then he the Eastern Sages doth employ  
To go and search him out the Royal Boy;  
That he would worship him, the Fox pretends,  
But to devour him in his Heart intends.  
Before the Child can walk he's forced by Night  
In his poor Mother's Arms to take his Flight:\*  
And from the Dragon's Rage to lurk a while,  
As *Moses* once; upon the Banks of *Nile*.†  
Whil'st *Herod* mock'd sends forth his Soldiers rude,  
And bath's *Bethlehem* Streets with Infant Blood:‡  
Minding amongst them to destroy the King,  
Which over *Zion* was design'd to reign.

Lo, here's another wondrous Proof of Love,  
The Divine Child to *Egypt* must remove.  
The King of Kings must leave his native Soil,  
And in his tender Age endure the Toil  
Of Banishment into a foreign Land,  
Who hath all Nations under his Command:  
That by his Flight we might redeemed be:  
From more than an *Egyptian* Drudgery.

Two Years elapse, and *Herod* gets his Doom:||  
Yet Jesus cannot to *Judea* come:  
He dares not in his native City dwell,  
Tho' he's the rightful King of *Israel*;  
Whilest *Archelaus*, bloody *Herod's* Sparrow,§  
Reacts the Tyrant in the Holy Land.  
His Parents warn'd of God do turn aside,  
And in the Parts of *Galilee* abide.  
Where during private Life he Refuge hath,\*  
Within obscure, despis'd *Nazareth*.  
Thus watchful Providence did order it,  
To shew that he was the true *Nazarite*,†

The

|| *Isa.* 53. 3. § *Mat.* 2. 3. \* *Mat.* 2. 14. † *Exod.* 2. to 7.  
† *Mat.* 2. 16. || *Mat.* 2. 19. § *Mat.* 2. 22. \* *John* 1. 46.  
† *Mat.* 2. 23.

harmless separated One,  
 by his Death, like *Samson*, saves his own. †  
 In the great *Dagon's* House he overthrows,  
 In its Ruins buries *Israel's* Foes.  
 How were the People privileg'd who saw  
 Him sit amidst the Doctors of the Law! ||  
 When Twelve Years old, with Wisdom most profound,  
 He solv'd all their Doubts in Answers found.  
 And also asked them such Questions,  
 As did confound the Scribes and learned Ones,  
 The People were astonish'd to behold  
 A very Child of but twice six Years old  
 Nonplus the ancient Sages and the Scribes,  
 The Pharisees, and all the learned Tribes;  
 But sure, it was no mean or trivial Theam,  
 Concerning which he reason'd with them,  
 The Subject was himself the promis'd One,  
 And that long look'd for Redemption:  
 The Scribes expected nothing else at all,  
 Save temp'ral Freedom from their outward Thral.  
 And narrow'd all the ancient Prophecies,  
 To favour their beloved carnal Ease;  
 They taught the People that their Saviour  
 Should only be an earthly Conqueror.  
 But when the People heard this divine Boy  
 Unfold the Secrets of sublimer Joy;  
 And shew them that their *Shiloh* was to save  
 Them from the Power of Satan and the Grave,  
 From Sin; and Wrath, and endless Misery,  
 More than the Yoke of outward Tyranny:  
 And that the promis'd Freedom from their Thral  
 Was a Deliv'rance more spiritual;  
 They were exceedingly amaz'd to hear  
 His Understanding, and his Answers clear.  
 This was his heav'nly Father's Business:  
 And he conceal'd not his Righteousness.  
 He, who but twelve Years old, outstripp'd all  
 The learned Wits and Scribes of *Israel*,  
 Can out of Babes and Sucklings Mouths ordain  
 Such Strength as may th' avenging Foe restrain.\*  
 If he'll but be my Second, I'll not fear  
 'Gainst Error's greatest Champions to appear;



He can enable ev'n the meanest Youth  
'Gainst ancient Sages to maintain his Truth.

Let's follow him by Faith to *Jordan's* Flood, †  
And see him there, amongst the Multitude,  
Desiring Baptism from his Harbinger,  
Who can himself alone that Grace confer  
Which this external Seal doth represent,  
Namely, Ingrafting into Covenant.  
The holy Baptist as amazed stands, †  
And is surpriz'd at his great Lord's Demands :  
And thus he speaks: Ah! I have Need to be  
Baptiz'd of thee, and comest thou to me ?  
I'm but the Servant, thon'rt my Sovereign Lord :  
I wash with Water thou dost Grace afford ;  
Why should the holy undefiled One,  
That's wholly free from all Corruption,  
Seek to be wash'd with Water ? Why should he  
Who is the Fountain pure, baptized be ?

The Lord reply'd, Altho' thou dost not know  
The Mystick Reason why it must be so, ‖  
Yet suffer it ; obey thy Master's Will ;  
For thus we must all Righteousness fulfill.  
Thus *Jesus*, tho' from Sin compleatly free,  
Would be baptiz'd that he might sanctifie !  
The Seal to us ; this Laver cannot save,  
Till it from *Jesus* Virtue do receive.  
When Christ was dipt in *Jordan's* Silver Stream,  
His Elect Seed were all baptiz'd in him. §

When he emerg'd out of the Chrystal Waves,  
He from his Father Witness straight receives,\*  
The holy Ghost, to show him Christ indeed, †  
Doth visibly descend upon his Head,  
Like to a Silver-feathr'd harmless Dove : †  
And lo, a Voice is heard from Heav'n above,  
*This is my well beloved Son, in whom,*  
*And for whose Sake I fully pleas'd am.*

Then hence, my Soul, ne'er doubt a Trinity ;  
Lo! here thou seest the undivided Three :  
The *Son's* baptiz'd, the *Father* speaks above ;  
The *Holy Ghost* descendeth like a Dove.

Thus

† *Mat.* 3. 13. † *Mat.* 3. 14. ‖ *Mat.* 3. 15. § *Rom.* 6. 4.  
\* *Mat.* 3. 16, 17. † *Luke.* 3. 21, 22. † *John.* 1. 32, 33.



was anointed from on High,  
 led to his publick *Ministry*,||  
 in his manly Vigour and his Prime,  
 test for Employment so sublime.  
 When God is pleas'd to manifest his Love,  
 Time of Trial is at Hand to prove  
 they try their Faith; even as observe you may  
 the blackest Cloud succeeds the brightest Day.  
 Jesus, after that his Father's Love  
 was manifested thus from Heav'n above,  
 Was led into the Desert, that he might  
 Long forty Days against the Dragon fight.  
 Where he in single Combat all alone  
 Encounters *Beelzebub's* Temptation.  
 When he had fasted forty Nights and Days,  
 The Devil visibly appears, and says,  
 If so thou bee'st the Son of God indeed,  
 Command these Stones that they be turn'd to Bread.  
 But Jesus thus repells the wicked One,  
 'Tis written, *Man lives not by Bread alone*;  
 God's Word of Pow'r the Life of Man sustains  
 More than the Presence of the outward Means.  
 The Devil, tho' he tempt'd at first in vain,  
 Yet rests not but renews th' Assault again;  
 And carries Christ up to a Mountain high,  
 Whose Top doth threaten to surmount the Sky;  
 And in a Moment shews him the earthly Frame,  
 With all the painted Glory of the same,  
 And said, this Glory all I'll give to thee,  
 For all these Kingdoms do belong to me,  
 On this Condition, if thou wilt accord  
 To worship me, and own me for thy Lord.  
 Our blessed Lord with holy Indignation,  
 Rejects the Fiend's most Impudent Tentation;  
 Get thee behind me, thou blasphemous One;  
 'Tis written, "Thou shalt serve thy God alone.†"  
 Tho, beat in this Assault, the restless Foe  
 Resolveth not to leave the Combat so;  
 But hurls him thro' the Air, and taketh him  
 Unto the Temple of *Jerusalem*,  
 And on a Pinnacle sets him on high;  
 And says, if God's beloved Son thou be,

D

To

To prove the same, throw down thyself from hence,  
And trust thy Father's Word and Providence :

For it is written in his Word, " That he

" Will give his Angels Charge concerning thee,

" To bear the up, still waiting thee upon,

" Lest thou should dash thy Foot against a Stone.

But Jesus said, 'Tis written thus again,

" Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God in vain. †

Thus Satan's foil'd at last, and can't prevail

Against the mighty Prince of *Israel*.

Then, tempted Soul behold thy glorious Lord,

Let his Temptation Help to thee afford,

When thou art tempted : He o'ercame for thee,

Thou shalt at Length in him victorious be.

Take his whole Armour, learn of him to wield ||

The Spirit's Sword, and Faith's defensive Shield :

By these thou shalt be able to repel

The Stratagems, and fiery Darts of Hell. §

Thus Jesus entred on his Ministry

After a glorious Fight and Victory :

In the Discharge whereof he underwent

A thousand Toils ; himself he daily spent

In travelling abroad from Place to Place,\*

In publishing the News of Grace and Peace. †

In labouring always, and in doing Good, ‡

Teaching and Feeding of the Multitude. ||

Casting out Devils, raising the Dead to Life ; §

Healing all Sickneses, and every Grief : \*

He bore our Sickneses and Miseries, †

The Contradictions of his Enemies ; ‡

The Father's Wrath and Curse, the Pains of Hell, ||

And was rejected by his *Israel*. §

He never rode, save once, but up and down\*

He walked still a-Foot from Town to Town.

From Hill to Mountain, and from Sea to Sea, †

Throw all *Judea's* Coasts, and *Galilee* : ‡

Thro' all *Samarja's* Borders far and near,

Yea, to the Coasts of *Zidon* and of *Tyre*. ||

In

† *Deut.* 6. 16 || *Eph.* 6. 13. § *Eph.* 6. 11. \* *Mat* 4. 23, 24.

† *Luke* 4. 18. ‡ *Acts* 10. 38. || *Mat.* 14. 19, 20. § *Mat.* 8. 28.

\* *Mat.* 14. 14. † *Mat.* 8. 19. ‡ *Heb.* 12. 3. || *Gal.* 3. 18. § *John*

4. 11. \* *Luke* 19. 35. † *Luke* 8. 1. ‡ *John* 4. 3. || *Mark* 7. 24.

And Hunger, Perils manifold:

Summer's sultry Heat, and Winter's chilling Cold.

He had taught and travell'd all the Day,

That he had not where his Head to lay.

Wilest Beast hath Holes, the smallest Bird a Nest, §

Jefus had no Houfe wherein to reft.

He was oblig'd to others ev'n for Bread,\*

And for a Couch whereon to reft his Head.

O matchlefs Love! fould Jefus toil for me?

Should he of Riches thus denuded be?

Should he be hungry, fould he fuffer Need:

Who doth all Men, and other Creatures feed?

Should he be thirfty, who's the living *Spring*,

That fends refreshing Streams to every living Thing!

Should he be fcorch'd with Heat, or chil'd with Cold!

Should he be deftitute of Houfe and Hold!

Who Summer's Heat and Winter's Cold did make;

Who Heaven and Earth doth for Poffeffion take.

And fhall I grude to toil for him again?

If it may honour him, fhall I difdain

To walk on Foot, to run from Place to Place,

If I to others may commend his Grace?

What tho' I want a Houfe wherein to dwell?

So did the glorious King of *Israel*:

What tho' I'm forc'd to take a borrow'd Bed,

Whereon I may refofe my worthlefs Head?

What tho' I am oblig'd to other Men,

And thankful if they will me entertain:

This Thought fould Quiet to my Heart afford;

The Servant muft not be above his Lord. †

Oh henceforth never let me make Complaint.

For Want of outward Things; let me not faint,

Because of Tryals Strength or Multitude;

I have not yet refifted unto Blood. ‡

Am I reproach'd? fo was my Lord before;

Am I defpis'd? he was contemned more.

O could I learn of him in ev'ry State,

His holy fpotlefs Life to imitate:

And where I cannot follow, to deplore

My Weaknefs, and his Holinefs adore.

Of Grace's Fulnefs all he was poffeff'd:

All fhining Virtues center'd in his Breaft:

The



The sweetest Meekness and Humility,  
 The greatest Kindness Love and Clemency :  
 So that the bruised Reed he never breaks ||  
 Nor doth he ever quench the smoking Flax.  
 He bore Affronts with wondrous Patience,  
 Altho' he could maintain'd his Innocence.  
 He acted Faith on God and did rely §  
 On him, without all Doubtings constantly.\*  
 Yea, when deserted, yet, he still abode  
 By Faith unshaken, resting on his God. †  
 His fervent Love to God, and flaming Zeal  
 Both for his Father's Name, and Church's Weal }  
 Were eminent, and find no Parallel.

That very Night in which he was betray'd, †  
 He would not leave his People without Aid,  
 But did appoint the blessed Sacrament  
 Of his last Supper, for to represent  
 His Death to them, and in his Church remain, ||  
 As a Love-Token till he come again.

He straight from Supper to the Garden goes,  
 To meet the Traitor and the bloody Foes. §  
 His Hour was come; the Combat was at Hand,  
 That he must fight *Beelzebub's* hellish Band :  
 The Hour that he must bear his Father's Wrath,  
 And for his Elect die, and conquer Death.  
 His Soul becomes exceeding sorrowful,  
 Is fore amaz'd, and is of Anguish full.  
 His holy Nature shrinks with sinless Fear,  
 To see the Loads of Wrath he hath to bear :  
 He trembles to behold the poison'd Cup,\*  
 Brim-full of Terror which he must drink up ;  
 And therefore prays with mighty Cries and Tears  
 To him that could preserve him from his Fears :  
 Father all Things are possible to thee ;  
 O may this bitter Potion pass from me ;  
 Or, if it may not with thy Glory stand,  
 Then, Father dear, I am at thy Command :  
 I've learn'd Obedience, tho' I be a Son,  
 Not as I will, but as thou wilt be done.  
 Thus thrice he pray'd, and still more earnestly,  
 And being in a painful Agony,

By

|| *Mat.* 12. 20. § *Psal.* 22. 1. 8. \* *Mat.* 27. 43. † *Mat.* 27.  
 46. † *1 Cor.* 11. 23. || Verse 26. § *John* 14. 31. \* *Luke* 22. 42.



on of his Sorrows Multitude,  
 As he pray'd, he swate great Drops of Blood  
 In Abundance, all his Body round,  
 Crimfon Clotts of Blood did dye the Ground.  
 In a Garden Satan ruin'd Man,  
 In a Garden Jesus first began,  
 With his bloody Sweat and Agony,  
 To ransom Mankind into Liberty.

O all ye Daughters of *Jerusalem*,  
 By Faith into this Garden follow him:  
 Draw nigh your wrestling Lord, and here you'll see  
 The Marks of Grief and Love beyond Degree.  
 Oh! you hard-hearted Sinners, come draw near,  
 Who never yet could kindly shed a Tear;  
 For all your great Transgressions Multitude,  
 He shed a thousand Drops of richer Blood  
 To ransom you, if you belong to him:  
 He drank a Cup of Wrath full to the Brim,  
 A Sea of Wrath, ev'n what was due to all  
 The great Transgressions of his *Israel*.

How could you sleep, Oh *Peter*, *James* and *John*?  
 How could you sleep, while as the holy One  
 Would have you watch with him; and while that he  
 Was for your Sakes in such an Agony?  
 Mean Time an Angel unto Christ appears,  
 To strengthen him, and to allay his Fears.  
 Lo! here's a Wonder! He who Angels made,  
 Of Comfort from an Angel stands in Need:  
 As God he needs it not, nor need it can;  
 But only as a sinless suff'ring Man.

The Traitor comes, and brings the bloody Band,  
 With Swords and Staves by *Caiapha*'s Command,  
 To apprehend our Lord: He doth not flee  
 Tho' well he might, but meets them willingly.  
 One Word of his doth make the Wretches all,  
 Like dead or vanquish'd Men before him fall.  
 Yet he resists them not in any Kind,  
 But freely suffers them his Hands to bind.  
 Yet by his Word he so restrains the Foe,  
 They're forc'd to let his whole Disciples go.  
 Ev'n thus, poor Soul, whilst he is bound for thee,  
 He doth procure thy lasting Liberty.

Thus he is left alone, his Family  
 Forfake him all, and for their Safety fly.  
 He's left of all amidst his Miseries ;  
 Yea, ev'n a forward *Peter* him denies.  
 And lovely Jesus, the most glorious One,  
 Laboriously treads the Wine-press alone.

The wretched Varlets lead him straight away  
 To *Caiaphas*, who calls without Delay  
 The Priests and Scribes, where Christ arraigned is,  
 And by suborning lying Witnesses,  
 He is condemn'd of speaking Blasphemy ;  
 And loaded with Reproach and Infamy :  
 The very Slaves, while Christ amidst them stands,  
 In deep Contempt do smite him with their Hands.

At Break of Day the Priests and Elders all  
 Do lead him out to *Pilate's* Judgment-hall,  
 And call for Judgment on him instantly,  
 Demanding that he will him crucify.  
*Pilate* examines him, and from the Sense  
 He had of his unspotted Innocence,  
 Endeavours to release, and set him free ;  
 But all in vain, for nought will satisfy  
 The Priests and People's unrelenting Wrath,  
 Unless the holy Jesus die the Death.

Come then, ye Saints, Oh come with one Accord,  
 Behold the Suff'rings of your dying Lord !  
 Behold him scourg'd ; how all his Body round  
 The lashing Whip makes one continu'd Wound !  
 Behold him dressed with a purple Robe,  
 In high Contempt amidst the wretched Mob !  
 He hath no Kingly Scepter, but a Reed ;  
 A thorny Crown doth hurt his glorious Head.  
 Come, follow him along by Faith, and see,  
 Him bear the heavy Cross to *Calvary* !  
 Look how the bloody murth'ring *Romish* Bands  
 Do rack and pierce with Nails his Feet and Hands :  
 See how he's hung 'twixt Thieves, as if that he  
 Were the worst Malefactor of the three !  
 See how he hangs aloft 'twixt Earth and Heav'n ;  
 How bitter Gall and Vinegar'is giv'n.  
 Look how the precious Blood from every Wound,  
 Falling in purple Streams do dye the Ground !

The Priests and Scribes do him deride,  
 Contempt and Scorn do wag the Head!  
 Sun as blushing doth obscure his Light,  
 Hides his Rays, and turns the Day to Night.  
 A darker Night comes from above;  
 God from dying Jesus vails his Love;  
 More accents his Grief than all the Woes  
 He bore from his malicious Foes:

Which him to cry in bitter Sort doth make,  
*My God, my God, why dost thou me forsake?*

O! Was the blessed Jesus scourg'd for me,  
 That thro' his painful Stripes I heal'd might be?  
 Was he condemn'd that I might be absolv'd?  
 Were mine Iniquities on him devolv'd?  
 Were these the Nails that pierc'd his blessed Hands,  
 And tore his lovely Feet? Were these the Bands  
 And Cords that bound him to the cursed Tree,  
 That I thereby from *Death* might say'd be!  
 O did he wear a Crown of Thorns that I  
 Might wear a Crown of Gold eternally!  
 Was it my Sin that caus'd him so to bleed?  
 Was it the Spear that pierc'd his blessed Side?  
 Then shall I Harbour to my Sin afford,  
 And hugg the cursed Lusts that kill'd my Lord?  
 No. I will not: Old Lovers, then be gone  
 Out of my Heart; let Jesus have the Throne,  
 Defile his Temple, grieve his Sp'rit no more;  
 Give him his Place: It grieves my Heart full sore,  
 That I should have so long indulg'd you;  
 And have deny'd my lovely Lord his due.  
 Oh, did he die for me, and shall not I,  
 Indebted to his Grace eternally,  
 Live to his Praise, and celebrate his Fame,  
 And while I Being have, exalt his Name?  
 No fitter Subject can my Thoughts employ,  
 No Work can yield my Heart more solid Joy.  
 But ah! how shall I know he died for me?  
 That with his Love I may affected be?  
 Died he for Rebel Sinners? Yes, he died  
 For such as had him pierc'd and crucify'd:

For such as hid their Faces from their Lord,  
 And would not him one kindly Look afford.  
 Died he for those who had no Love for him?  
 Yes, ev'n for those who did him not esteem.  
 Died he for such as I? Yes, if thou be  
 Sincerely griev'd for thine Iniquity;  
 Weary and heavy laden with thy Guilt;  
 Then, without Doubt, for thee his Blood was spilt.  
 If thou believest with thy Soul and Heart,  
 Then in his Death thou surely hast a Part,  
 But ah! I'm ruin'd with my Unbelief.  
 Well, canst thou say this is thy greatest Grief?  
 Yes, that I can: Well then, be sure thou art  
 The Travel of his Soul; he hath thy Heart.  
 But I have broke all his Commandments;  
 Yet, tell me, canst thou say, thy Heart relents,  
 And grieves for thy Unkindness to thy Lord?  
 Then this may to thy Conscience Peace afford:  
 As much as Heaven this earthly Globe surmounts,  
 So much his Love exceeds thy great Affronts.  
 But ah! I love not him: Will this not prove  
 That I am not the Object of his Love?  
 No, if thou dost retain a lively Sense  
 Of this Defect, and griev'st for thine Offence.  
 But I want Faith. Yet dost thou not bewail  
 That Unbelief 'gainst thee doth so prevail?  
 But, ah alas! I cannot live to him  
 Who is my Life; and how then shall I deem  
 He died for me? My great Ingratitude,  
 My Sins and my Transgressions Multitude,  
 From which he came to free and save his own,  
 Speak nought to me but Indignation.  
 Yet give not Place to such Despondency,  
 Christ's Blood from all thy Sins can purify.